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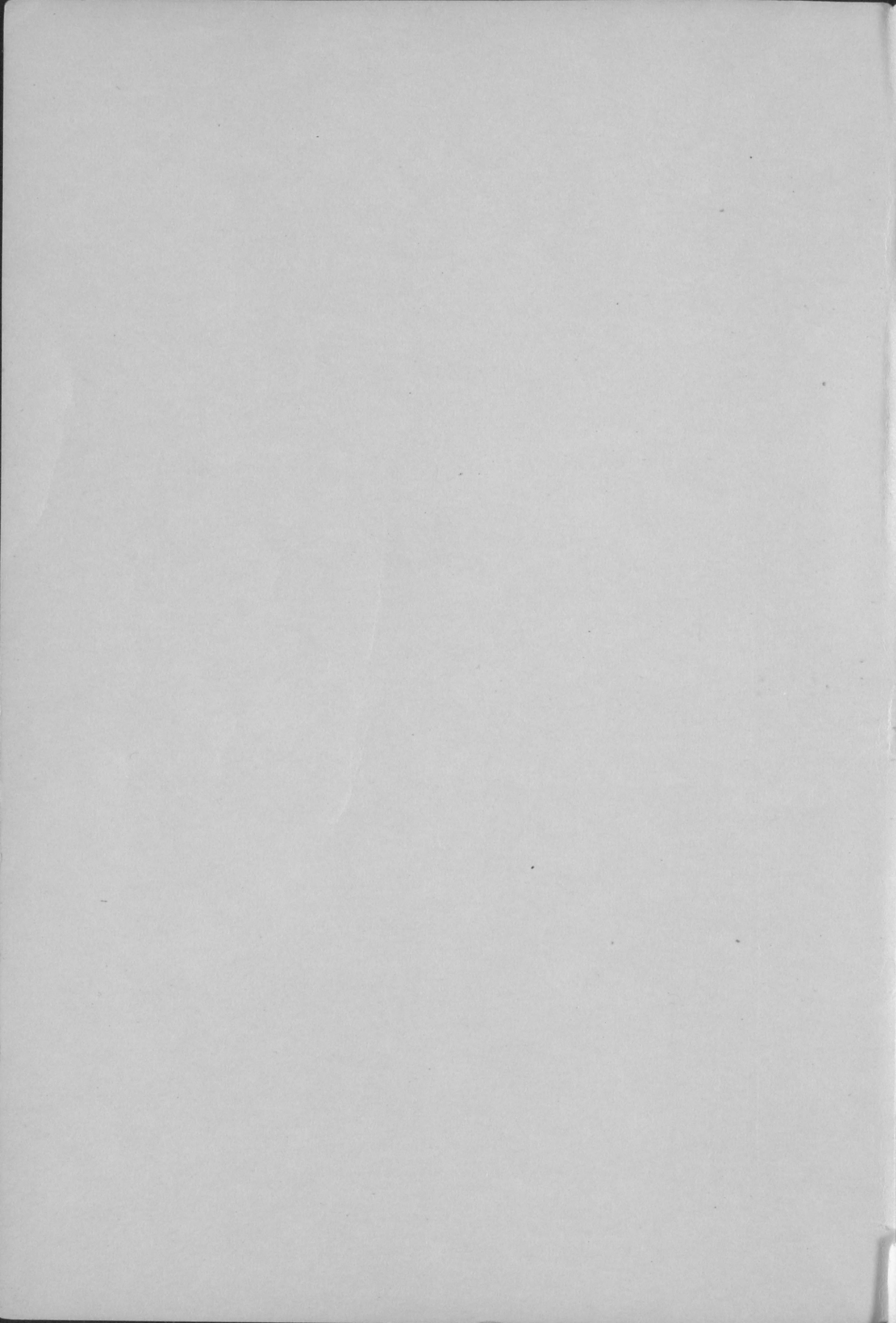
GOLD



Crescat Scientia

1945-46





The First Edition Of The
Annual Year Book
Of The
Wainwright
High School



Editor	—	James Aykroyd
Assistant Editor	—	John White
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Advertising Managers		Phil May, Bill Horn
Photographers	—	Fred Smith, Elmer Tory
Society Editor	—	Audrey Smith
Sports Editor	—	Edward Ringrose
Humor Editors	—	Jimmie Robinson, Lyman Alexander
Roving Reporters	—	Lois Donelly, Irene Pollock, Bob Wilbraham

Dedication

This Year Book is respectfully dedicated to all those students of Wainwright High School, who offered services during the past world conflict.

Alderman, John
Armstrong, Brock H.
Bateman, Arthur
Bayrack, Stanley
Branchflower, Douglas
Buhl, Stephen
Callas, Alexander
Callas, Edgar
Callas, John
Cardell, Thomas E.
Carl, Leroy C.
Carsell, Margaret
Carsell, Quentin L.
Church, Stanley H.
Coleman, William E.
Collette, Joseph
Collette, John
Cummings, Phillip
Davison, Jack
Dixon, Allen E.
Dundas, Ione G.
Fish, William
Foster, Erle M.
Fraser, Morris E.
Fraser, Roy W.
Fraser, Bernice H.
Freed, Melvin C.
Freed, Charles R.
Fuller, Albert W.
Fuller, Leslie E.
Fuller, Sidney
Ganderton, Vaughan F.
Ganderton, Russel
Glenn, Ian
Greenway, Allan W.

Greer, Creighton M.
Hannah, Colin W.
Hardy, D. John
Harper, Allan D.
Hughes, L.
Huntingford, Walter C.
Jackson, Ivan
Jackson, Marvin C.
Johnson, Maurice W.
Kelly, Thomas
Kowalchuk, Theodore
Lane, W. Earl
Lilly, Robert
Lilly Charles E.
Little, Walter
Little, Victor
MacDonald, Claude A.
MacDonald, Leonard
MacDonald, James
McCausland, W. Delmore
McLean, Jack
McLeod, Francis J.
McLeod, Willard
McLeod, Elmer F.
Michon, Emile A.
Michon, Marcel
Michon, Robert
Middlemass, J. Gilbert
Milner Irvine R.
Moan, Allan
Moore, John E.
Moscuwich, William
Murray, Lawrence A.
Myer, K. Wayne
Myer, Floyd B.

Nordstrom, Edwin B.
Nordstrom, Stanley
Parkhurst, Keith W.
Patterson, Marshall W.
Prosser, Vernon D.
Prosser, Roland
Prosser, Wallace
Rattray, Wallace
Reich, Harold
Ricker, Beverley
Rowe, Kenneth
Rowe, Melvin
Rudd, Eldon
Rudd, Stanley
Ruste, Melvin
Ruste, Henry
Rutherford, Jean
Schieck, Donald W.
Schlitt, Gordon H.
Sparling, Charles W.
Snyder, Herbert M.
Snyder, R. Selkirk

Stuart, Philip G.
Swanson, Albert
Taylor, Donald
Taylor, Norman
Taylor, Edward A.
Taylor, K. Marjorie
Taylor, G. M.
Tolmie, J. Roy
Tory, Kenneth S.
Tory, Carl S.
Tory, George
Walker, Edward
Wallace, J. Beatty
Wallace, J. Douglas
Wear, Charles A.
Wear, Robert D.
Wear, David G.
Wilbraham, Murial
Wilbraham, Robert
Wiley, Harold
Wilson, Fred Y.
Wilson, R. Archibald



W.H.S. STUDENTS UNION EXECUTIVE



TOP ROW—Elmer Tory, Harvey Gullekson, Lyman Aleaxnder. *2ND ROW*—Bill Horn, Dinny Ganderton, James Aykroyd, Ed. Ringrose. *3RD ROW*—Fred Smith, Roy Hartling, Pat Buckton, Charles Pollock, Lorne McLeod. *4TH ROW*—Lucy Wear, Jean McNally, Dorothy Cameron, Lenore Wright, Doug. Ringrose, Georgina Murray, Shirley McKenzie. *BOTTOM ROW*—Allan Tory, Mabel Taylor, Arlene Catton, Claretta Wright, Audrey Smith, Bunny Bond.

Students Union Executives 1945-46

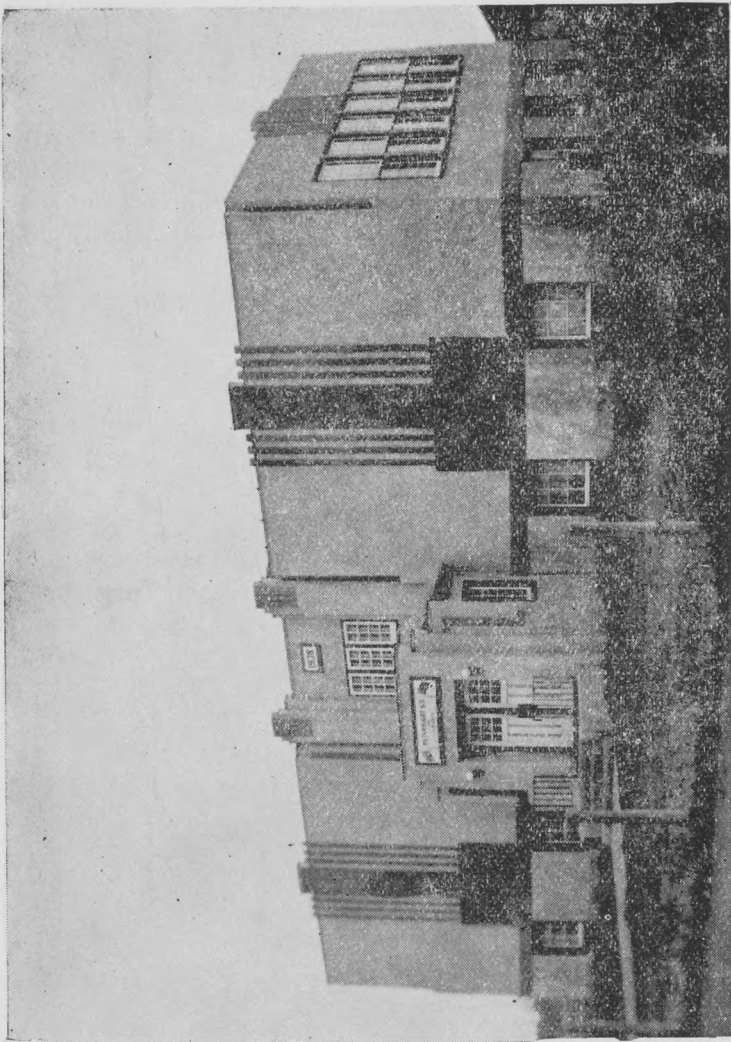
September to February

President	Charles Pollock
Vice President	Doug Ringrose
Secretary-Treasurer	Shirley McKenzie
Press Correspondent	James Aykroyd
Grade 12 Representatives	Shirley Thomson, Roy Hartling
Grade 11 Representatives	Audrey Smith, Wallace Snyder
Grade 10 Representatives	Jo Murray, Lorne McLeod
Grade 9 Representatives	Dorothy Cameron, Allan Tory
Boys Sports Convenor	Eddie Ringrose
Girls Sports Convenor	Claretta Wright

February to June

President	Roy Hartling
Vice President	Harvey Gullekson
Secretary	Mabel Taylor
Treasurer	Arlene Catton
Press Correspondent	Bill Horn
Grade 12 Representatives	Lenore Wright, Fred Smith
Grade 11 Representatives	Lucy Wear, Elmer Tory
Grade 10 Representatives	Jean McNally, Lyman Alexander
Grade 9 Representatives	Dorothy Cameron, Allan Tory
Boys Sports Convenor	Duane Ganderton
Girls Sports Convenor	Jo Murray





WAINWRIGHT HIGH SCHOOL

Tribute

Margaret Steele

Our Wainwright High School is the best,
No matter where you go.
You may wander far as far can be
But you will admit it's so.
Our Wainwright High School is orange and gray,
In one of the modern styles.
Because it's not in the centre of town
The students must walk miles.
If education is what you want
Wainwright's THE place to go,
There isn't a better school around.
Within a mile or so.



Editor's Note



We, the members of the editing staff of Wainwright High School's first Year Book, feel privileged to have been chosen to prepare the material for the initial publication of another milestone in the journalistic progress of the school. We know that the Year Book sentiment has been present for several years now, and the hope that our efforts will have paved the way toward the establishment of its annual publication as a school institution.

We wish to thank all who have contributed or co-operated in any way to achieve what measure of success we may have attained. To the individual submitters; "Thank You"; to those who kept their contributions to themselves; "Think of what this book lacks, because of your modesty!" The assistance of all who spent some time in the office, at Georgina's typewriter is greatly appreciated, as is the cooperation of the English teachers. Also to our advertisers, to Mr. Carsell, and to the Wainwright Star Staff, whose job it has been to organize and print our material, do we extend a sincere vote of thanks.

Regarding our Honor Roll dedication, we regret that it has not been possible to publish a complete compilation of names. However, very few are missing, and to their owners we apologize.



Commencement



The word "Commencement" as applied to the end of a period of training seems at first to be a contradiction in terms, but closed study shows that this use of the word is quite accurate. The twelve years of study just finished by those who are graduating really marked the end of our country—the end of the period of preparation. Some have prepared to enter such various phases of adult life as farming, home-making or participation in business; others have prepared themselves for further study in colleges and universities and hospitals. To this latter class, there will be other "commencements" culminating with the great day in which they too will take their place among the workers of the world.

But to both groups, those who are going to take further training in institutions of learning, and those who are going to learn from now on through the medium of direct contact with the work-a-day world the end of this school year marks the beginning of a period of even fuller and richer experience. All have gained something during these twelve years, and that something we have the privilege of holding in trust to be used not only for our own personal gain but, more important, for the general good of all. To be entrusted with anything of great worth is a serious responsibility, and only as we use these gifts rightly are we at all worthy to be their custodians.

There is a thrill—and regret in graduation, or commencement. We see that here and there we might have done better, and for this there is regret. But when we contemplate the future we foresee many opportunities to avoid making old errors, and we thrill at the possibilities when we realize that the future is largely ours to do with as we wish.

May I congratulate most sincerely those who graduate this year from Wainwright High School and may I express my sincere appreciation to the students and staff for the efforts all have made to ensure the success and pleasantness of the year which is climaxed by the publication of this year book.

G. H. LAMBERT, B.A.

We Hear From Miss Bloom



To the students of Wainwright High School, whose pleasant co-operation has made the year for me such an enjoyable one, I pass on a poem from the homely, philosophical pen of Edgar A. Guest.

To A Young Man

The great were once as you.
They whom men magnify today
Once groped and blundered on life's way,
Were fearful of themselves, and thought
By magic was men's greatness wrought.
They feared to try what they could do;
Yet Fame hath crowned with her success
The selfsame gifts that you possess.
The great were young as you,
Dreaming the very dreams you hold,
Longing yet fearing to be bold,
Doubting that they themselves possessed
The strength and skill for every test,

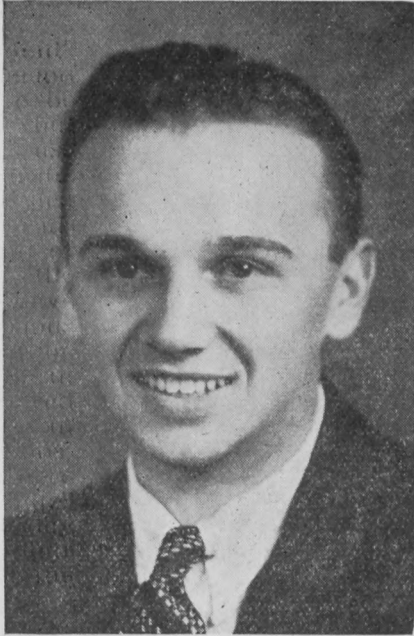
Uncertain of the truths they knew,
Not sure that they could stand to fate
With all the courage of the great.
Then came a day when they
Their first bold venture made,
Scorning to cry for aid.
They dared to stand to fight alone,
Took up the gauntlet life had thrown,
Charged full-front to the fray,
Mastered their fear of self, and then
Learned that our great men are but men.
Oh, Youth, go forth and do!
You, too, to fame may rise;
You can be strong and wise.
Stand up to life and play the man—
You can if you but think you can;
The great were once as you.
You envy them their proud success?
'Twas won with gifts that you possess.

For it is my belief that any man who lives actively within his own sphere of influence, however limited it may seem to him, for the intellectual, spiritual, moral, and social betterment of himself and others, is indeed a great man.

LILLIAN E. BLOOM, B.A., B.Ed.



To The Students Of The W.H.S.



It is gratifying to know that you have definitely decided to have a High School Year Book: furthermore it is my hope that a continued annual publication be in store. Such a magazine is essential to a good school. It is of great value because it offers editorial and business experience to some, literary and artistic opportunities to all. Besides this you have for your own, the record of the year's activities and memories of those with whom you have worked and played, groaned and cheered.

We cannot expect that every part of our work is going to be thrilling, interesting or pleasant, though occasionally it comes very near it. Having the ability to forge ahead over all obstacles in spite of boring tedium is the thing which leads to the gates of success, or in shorter phrase—success comes in "Can's": failure in Can't's."

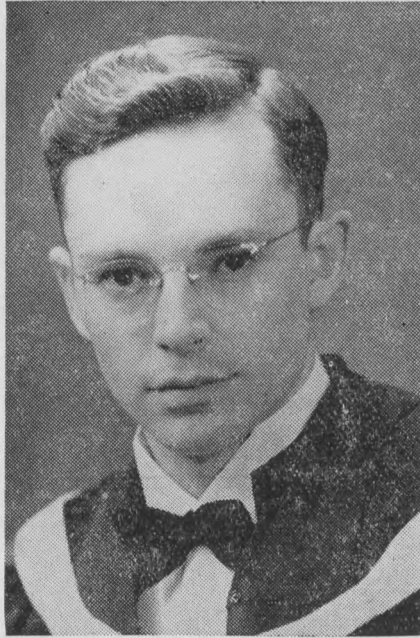
If you have the gift to battle with your school-work difficulties now, until you are complete master, the same power will help you in the more intricate tasks of life. As the citizens of tomorrow you will have great problems to face, and we teachers are only test-pilots who test earlier trials and hope that more will "crack-up".

For a few of the students this is probably the last time they will stand on the threshold endeared by all the associations connected with the High School life, and thus there comes the inevitable sadness of departure. Speaking of that word departure bring to me the opportunity of bidding you one and all—Farewell; may you have the good fortune to rise to success and happiness as Mature Canadians. Now as we go into the world to seek that success let us carry with us; let us put into practise that message:

There is a little parting word
Which few can say without a sigh,
No wonder when its sound is heard
It claims a tear from Friendship's eye
For who can say the last "good-bye"
Without a pang of silent sorrow,
To think that friends who now are nigh
May be far distant on the morrow.

FRANK J. KEINICK

A Few Words From Mr. Glen



Success is relative and in its measurement account should be taken of the use made of opportunities.

Consider two students attending a High School. Let their names be John Jones and Bill Brown. John is considered to be slow—both mentally and physically. He finds it difficult to accomplish more than a meagre showing in either sports or studies. Discouragements come to him frequently in the classroom and on the playing field. But John is “game”. With courage and diligence he strives to improve his record. Yet in spite of his efforts he faces the prospect of receiving some C and D gradings on his school work.

Bill Brown, on the other hand, is highly gifted. He is doing fairly good work with the expenditure of very little effort. His report card will probably show mostly B gradings. But the point is, that Bill’s record would doubtless be much better, if through the year he had applied himself with as much effort and courage as John has done and, inasmuch as he has failed to do so, Bill has in a sense been the less successful of the two boys.

Since we are endowed with different degrees of capability, our responsibility is always that of being able to honestly say, “I am making good account of my opportunities”. Then we shall be able to conclude whether or not we have been successful. May next year and those to come be successful years for you.

K. GLEN, B.Sc.

Reminiscence

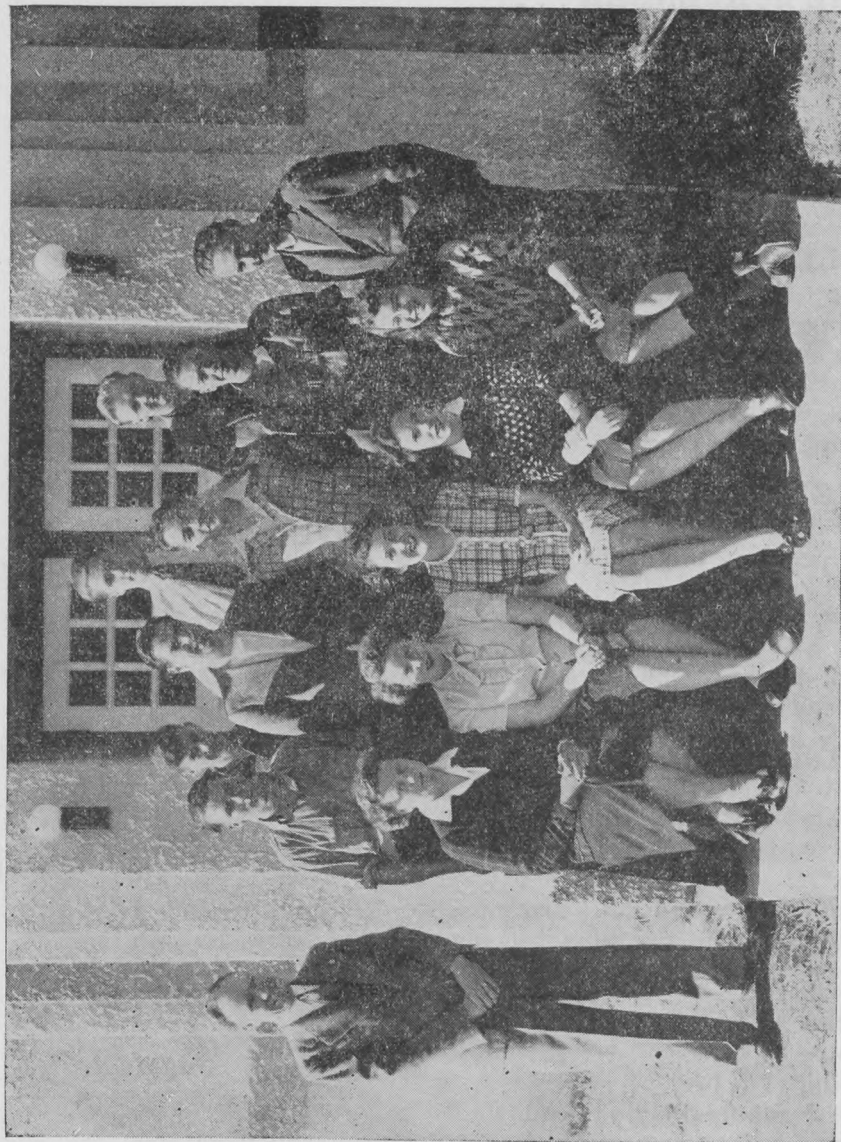


Christina Wood

Beyond the grey horizon
Far across the sea.
The elves and gnomes and pixies,
All sing with mirth and glee.
This is the land of fairies
Called, "Dear Old Emerald Isle".
Where everyone is happy
And greets you with a smile.
Back where friends are always friends,
Kind and loving and true.
And no matter what you've done
They'll always see you through.
In my dreams I yet return
Back to my dear old home.
Each time I make a promise,
That I never more will roam.



GRADE TWELVE STUDENTS



TOP ROW—Huxley Ebborn, James Aykroyd, Harvey Gullekson. *2ND ROW*—Mr. Lambert, Warren Tebbs, Fred Smith, Doug. Ringrose, Roy Hartling, Charles Pollock. *BOTTOM ROW*—Nellie Schlender, Anne Milton, Jocelyn Winter, Shirley McKenzie, Lenore Wright.

Grade 12 Biographies

• NELLIE SCHLENDER . . .

Ambition—Trying to make her writing readable.

Pet Saying—Oh Cats!

Favorite Pastime—Doing homework.

Comment—The gal with the perfect personality—how we all love to hear Nellie get a case of the giggles—an overdose of giggling powder I guess, or perhaps Mr. Lamberts funny jokes? ? ?

• CHARLES POLLOCK . . .

Ambition—To sleep the clock around 24 hours.

Pet Saying—I'm an antagonistic boy—haven't you heard?

Favorite Pastime—Hockey and stamp collecting.

Comment—Charlie is probably one of the reasons our hockey team won so many games last winter. A good sport and lots of fun.

• HARVEY GULLEKSON . . .

Ambition—To get to school on time at least once.

Pet Saying—Say, that's not bad.

Favorite Pastime—Girls.

Comment—The "punny" man from room A? ? ? We're still trying to figure out some of his so called jokes. He enjoys fussing with his blonde wavy hair, and especially viewing the fairer sex.

• WARREN TEBBS . . .

Ambition—To conquer French 3.

Pet Saying—*+■*★—homework!!

Favorite Pastime—Riding on his bike with the "little handle-bars".

Comment—He's called the word man, gee what a whiz of a vocabulary. He shouldn't get stuck on the final English paper.

• ROY HARTLING . . .

Ambition—To succeed? ? ? ?

Pet Saying—I'm broke.

Favorite Pastime—Playing pool.

Comment—A navy man at heart, and makes a very handsome Sea Cadet too. Our popular president who rules with an iron hand.

● **JOCELYNE WINTER . . .**

Ambition—To be the worlds best “bum”.

Pet Saying—Gosh but I’m getting hungry.

Favorite Pastime—Teasing with pater.

Comment—A brown eyed brunette who always gets that second look. Very interested in music and her brother. Was seen at the skating rink this year—why Jo?

● **SHIRLEY McKENZIE . . .**

Ambition—To do one Latin sentence correctly.

Pet Saying—You’re a subterranean animal from the phylum Annelida. (in other words a worm).

Favorite Pastime—To invent a five-day week-end and a two day week.

Comment—Our vivacious dark-eyed “Mac” from Room A. She is Wainwright’s most accomplished youthful musician. One of the reasons that the army did not leave sooner.

● **HUXLEY EBBERN . . .**

Ambition—Druggist.

Pet Saying—Has several of them.

Favorite Pastime—Reading.

Comment—Hopes to finish up this year, and we’re sure he’ll make it. A quiet laddie who enjoys drinking chocolate milk after the buzzer has buzzed.

● **DOUG. RINGROSE . . .**

Ambition—Undecided.

Pet Saying—No special one.

Favorite Pastime—Sports of all kinds.

Comment—A hot character on the trumpet. Enjoys all sports and is good in all of them—specially on a pair of skates.

● **JAMES AYKROYD . . .**

Ambition—To be ambitious.

Pet Saying—None.

Favorite Pastime—Critisizing Lenore’s writing.

Comment—The number 1 brain of room A. We’re sure he’ll go a long way with his knowledge. Very good on the fiddle and simply adores his Hungarian Dance No. 5? ?

● **FRED SMITH . . .**

Ambition—To have a million dollars.

Pet Saying—"I mean"

Favorite Pastime—Sleeping.

Comment—This subtle humorist is A rooms good looking black haired man. Is liked by everyone, and whom everybody likes. Enjoys doing most things besides homework. He just waits for Algebra period—to pass. Who's his new heart-throb from the southern district of town? ?

● **LENORE WRIGHT . . .**

Ambition—Doctor or research chemist.

Pet Saying—Oh grief.

Favorite Pastime—Breaking test tubes in Chem. Lab.

Comment—The girl with the tapping feet, who believes in a maximum of work and a minimum of pleasure. Always stands high in school work—give us some hints kid. Lenore's favorite color anymore is khaki—not a bad idea either.

● **ANNE MILTON . . .**

Ambition—Air hostess.

Pet Saying—Holy cats!

Favorite Pastime—Going home on week-ends.

Comment—A new arrival this year. This blonde miss always sees the sunny side of life. Full of pep and loves English?



Grade 12 Daze

Fred Smith

The bell has rung, five minutes past;
Gullekson arrives at school at last.
Algebra two is in full swing,
As usual Smith hasn't done a thing.
English three now hits the road,
Over to D room where its G. D. cold.
The board is full of black and white,
Of an opus on which some sucker spent all night.
All cast their gaze around the room,
To see whose face is filled with gloom.
Ah, we have spied her out at last,
I guess Anne's glad when this is past.
Well now we're back in good old "A",
To do with Trig for another day.
Mr. Lambert has his solution upon the board;
Doug's got his own and is only bored.
Ah, now the break is here at last,
And the rich may go and break their fast;
With chocolate milk supplied by two
Of the Public School's unlearned crew.
We now head back to bright room D,
To receive our share of Biology.
Nellie wrinkles up her nose;
As of Rana Pipens, we dispose.
There's a sudden rush of book and skirt,
As Shirley sits up suddenly with a jerk.
It's eleven twenty on the nose,
And time to learn that Latin Prose.
It's twelve o'clock, the buzzer goes,
And for ninety minutes school is closed.
Tebbs throws down his pencil and his pen,
To rush down to the snooker den.
It's half-past one and we're all back,

Now at Social three we take a crack.
Roy is there, full of wit and laughter,
Trying to figure out what Russia's after.
Here at last is Physics two,
When Mr. Glenn accepts his cue.
In this class we find Lenore,
The only girl, and hating more.
Well, a chance to get your homework done?
Eight hours work cramped into one.
They say these spares are for the purpose,
Of getting rid of the homework surplus.
James, Huxley, Charles and all the rest,
Now head for that old Chem. two test;
That bunch had studied hard last night,
Striving to get at least one right.
The blessed bell now rings its last;
It's four o'clock, the day is past.
Jocelyn heaves a heavy sigh,
As to her desk she waves good-bye.
Now heartfelt thanks I give to you,
You somewhat scholared and ragged few;
Who have let your names be scandalized,
In this place which I've devised.



GRADE ELEVEN STUDENTS



TOP ROW—Keith Hodgkiss, Mr. Glen, Elmer Tory. *2ND ROW*—Dinny Ganderton, Florence Armishaw, Lucy Wear, Christina Wood, Bill Freed. *3RD ROW*—Valerie Sirois, Evelyn Patterson, Joyce Gravert, Ann Callas. *BOTTOM ROW*—Audrey Smith, Mabel Taylor, Arlene Catton, Frances Patterson.

Grade 11 Biographies

● **EVELYN PATTERSON . . .**

Ambition—Stenographer.

Pet Saying—That's no lie.

Favorite Pastime—Bike riding.

Comment—A pert red head who also hails from the big city of Greenshields. Seen a lot at the skating rink this year, and a good skater.

● **CHRISTINA WOOD . . .**

Ambition—Stenographer.

Pet Saying—Are you kidding?

Favorite Pastime—Reading and the army.

Comment—A new comer to Wainwright High and appears to be doing O.K. Enjoys dancing and the army.

● **BILL FREED . . .**

Ambition—Getting out of school.

Pet Saying—I don't know.

Favorite Pastime—Studying.

Comment—One of those tall dark and umm fellows. Makes the gals take a second look. Appears to be shy? ? ? Would rather do homework than anything else (oh, what we said)

● **FLORENCE ARMISHAW . . .**

Ambition—A nurse.

Pte Saying—What do you think I am—Little Red Riding Hood?

Favorite Pastime—Skating.

Comment—Flo hails from Myrnam, and has fit in with the gang first shot. Loves skating and darn good at it too. Makes the rest of the gals envious of her long hair.

● **ANNIE CALLAS . . .**

Ambition—Plastic surgery.

Pet Saying—Oh Gosh!

Favorite Pastime—Eating.

Comment—This cute wee lass of D room, just loves her daily exercises, walking to and from D room. Cheer up Anne you'll be in A room next year. Loves Physics and we can see her point too.

● **LUCY WEAR . . .**

Ambition—Be a business woman.

Pet Saying—Have lots of 'em.

Favorite Pastime—Dancing.

Comment—Really solid on the dance floor, and knows the latest steps. It's a treat just to watch her.

● **JOYCE GRAVERT . . .**

Ambition—Entomologist (whatever that may be)

Pet Saying—Oh gee.

Favorite Pastime—Sleeping mostly.

Comment—We are all pretty proud of our Yankee who has come all the way from Spokane, of course just to attend Wainwright High. She enjoys a good game of barmington. All the girls are envious of her plaid skirts, she looks snappy in them too.

● **ELMER TORY . . .**

Ambition—Teacher.

Pet Saying—No, I'm not crazy.

Favorite Pastime—Going to shows.

Comment—The small boy with the huge brains. Is frequently seen surrounded by fellow students helping them with their troubles—another Dorothy Dix, eh Elmer?

● **ARLENE CATTON . . .**

Ambition—To change the color scheme of the Buffalo Cafe.

Pet Saying—Hi Ya fella's.

Favorite Pastime—Eating banana goo.

Comment—Grade XI's personality gal. Enjoys a lot of fun and also makes it. Good in sports and very interested in the U of A. Owner of an A1 voice, 'specially singing "Harriet With The Lariette".

● **AUDREY SMITH . . .**

Ambition—To be on time.

Pet Saying—Not late again, but still.

Favorite Pastime—Talking.

Comment—Another member of the feminine corp. attached to the Sea Cadets and a mighty handsome one at that. Very good on the classics and thinks there's no one like Chopin. Too bad Audrey, 100 years too late.

● **DINNY GANDERTON . . .**

Ambition—Get all caught up in English assignments.

Pet Saying—No—is that right?

Favorite Pastime—Resting.

Comment—Some wave Dinny has there. It might prove dangerous. Likes swing and plays a solid sax. Knows the latest styles and wears them too.

● **MABEL TAYLOR . . .**

Ambition—To yell louder than Arlene at a Van Johnson show.

Pet Saying—That puts me off.

Favorite Pastime—Eating bananas and ice cream—otherwise known as goo.

Comment—A member of the Sea Cadets and who loves Geometry, and is still wanting to know its practical use.

● **FRANCES PATTERSON . . .**

Ambition—Homestead on the Alaska Highway.

Pet Saying—You're crazier than a bed bug ever thought of being.

Favorite Pastime—Eating graham wafers.

Comment—An ambitious girl who hails from Heath. Often seen thinking deeply.

● **VALERIE SIROIS . . .**

Ambition—Haven't any.

Pet Saying—You've had it.

Favorite Pastime—Knowing people.

Comment—The dark haired girl who is always chewing gum. Where did she get the pull to have it through the war? Very good at riding and takes life without a worry.

Typical Grade Eleven Day

By Arlene and Mabel

We'll be glad when we're dead, and 'neath the ground,
Where we won't hear the bell and the buzzer resound.
"Let him in", "Kick her out", that's how it goes.
If we're not in "D" room to hear morning prose.
First the Lord's Prayer, and then Social Studies.
Who cares about King Charles and all his old buddies?
Then geometry, square roots, or general math. and dimes.
Hurrah for the buzzer—it saves us at times.
Back to the chem. room, and English or die.
Poor old Shakespeare, we feel sorry for the guy.
"B" room, biology, beetles and bugs.
We dig up gardens in our search for slugs.
"Merci, Mr. Keneick, s'il vous plait, Miss Bloom",
Our French mixed with English is sure to bring doom.
The buzzer at noon ends our long day of morning.
We won't be back at 1:30 despite all the warning.
Mr. Lambert, Elmer Tory, Wakefield and Veitch,
Let 'em stand, let 'em sit, but during Physics they'll preach.
Psychology next for our dear Grade Eleven.
The total is six, but Phil May makes it seven.
Anne and Dinny, here and there, Mr. Glen.
You may be sure sociology is in progress then.
Ninth period we sit, giggle and play.
Thus bringing an end to a glorious day.
We add a P.S. just to say,
We take home ec. or shop, once a week, half a day.



Grade Eleven Class

By Mabel Taylor and Arlene Catton

Right by the stove, on a beautiful day,
We see Frances Patterson slaving away.
Then over the waves of Dinny's blonde hair,
And we see Audrey Smith still sitting there.
The front of the next row and Mabel still groaning---
We wonder if Arlene is the cause of this moaning.
Behind her is Valerie, asleep for awhile.
Who hath the heart to wake dear chile?
Evelyn Patterson is any teachers pride
She never complains of the cold or sulphide.
Florence and her jokes, tho' they are a it hazy,
Are enough to drive even the Grade Eleven class crazy.
Christina is here, but you'd never know it.
The screams from the teachers are all that will show it.
The front of the next row and there sits pert Lucy.
She doesn't think sociology debates very juicy.
Quietly behind her sits shy little Anne
But oh what happens when she goes after that man!
When it comes to Geometry Elmer's really a flier,
And he doesn't do bad when he makes eyes at that girl in the
choir.
"To be late every morning," that is his creed,
Now everyone knows that "crack" isn't for Freed.
Arlene blushes when she gets that look from Tayler.
We wonder now: who's gone for a sailor.
Next is Kieth Hodgkiss—that dear little boy,
But in English he isn't considered much of a joy.
Last on our list is Joyce from Spokane.
The question now is "has she got her man"?
Now you've seen our class row, by row.
So we bring an end too this sad tale of woe.

We Fifteen

By Audrey Smith

To everyone the day shines so fair
But they hurry on with no minutes to spare
Anne walks in holding her nose
As a result of a Chem. 2 H₂S overdose.
Social Studies starts, a knock at the door—
I wonder who the message is for?
Mr. Glen quickly walks to the door to meet Frances.
The van was late, so in she passes.
Back to A room hoping all goes well,
Geometry in progress with Arlene and Mabel.
English 2 commences at ten after ten,
Dinny wishing it would hurry and end.
Mr. Lambert continues with Biology 1
Wondering whether experiments are done
Valerie is there in all her glory
Telling the class of the pig's life story.
Elmer the only boy in French 2
Helps the others with the verb "to do".
Florence and Evelyn are trying their best
To endure until the noon-hour rest.
The dreaded one-thirty bell rings at last,
And off go Lucy and Keith to Physics class.
Study period with Christina and Joyce
Talking over the adventures of last night's exploits.
Audrey is giving her Psychology speech still
And after her comes "Crime-Doctor" Bill.
The buzzer goes and we all drool
At thought of the ending of this day's school.

GRADE TEN STUDENTS



TOP ROW—Tom Kennedy, Frank Nicholson, Phil May, Bill Horn. **2ND ROW**—Bernard Pollard, Ed. Ringrose, Lyman Alexander, Jim Robinson, Gerald Ford, Keith Wakefield. **3RD ROW**—Bill Sheffield, Bill Veitch, Betty Schumacker, Aileen Tory, Shirley Woodward, Miss Bloom, Patsy White, Georgina Murray, Jean McNally- John White, Lorne McLeod. **BOTTOM ROW**—Marjorie Joyce, Shirley Bell, Myrtle Nicholson, Irene Pollock, Alice Rasmussen.

Grade 10 Biographies

● KEITH WAKEFIELD . . .

Ambition—Doin' favors for a certain little girl sitting behind him.

Pet Saying—For pethy thaketh.

Favorite Pastime—Telling corny jokes (you aren't kidding).

Comment—Another one of those kids with a brain. A whiz at Geometry and in fact most of his subjects.

● JOHN WHITE . . .

Ambition—Aileen Tory.

Pet Saying—I love my mom, but oh you kids you!

Favorite Pastime—Phylis Hutchinson.

Comment—Considered shy—but guess it's 'cause you don't know him. Quiet and clever, and not having his homework done would be an absurdity.

● BILL VEITCH . . .

Ambition—To be a shoe shiner or a woman's man.

Pet Saying—Cuddle up honey.

Favorite Pastime—Necking.

Comment—A popular lad who is a new member on the register. Likes sports and is a lulu with woodwork. Enjoys dancing particularly with the opposite sex.

● JEAN MacNALLY . . .

Ambition—To run out of energy.

Pet Saying—Nutsie.

Favorite Pastime—Wolfing.

Comment—Cute smile! Cute kid! Where does she obtain all the vim and vigor? Always on the jump and a very popular gal.

● GERALD FORD . . .

Ambition—Mechanics.

Pet Saying—Listen dope.

Favorite Pastime—Bootlegging.

Comment—Gerald keeps fit by riding to school everyday. Is the proud owner of a hundred dollar smile. Lots of fun, and quite a teaser.

● JOHN THOMAS KENNEDY . . .

Ambition—Betty.

Pet Saying—Huba, huba!

Favorite Pastime—Alice.

Comment—The boy who hands in blank exam papers and expects marks for neatness. Not such a bad idea Tom, if you can get away with it. Friendly kid, and always working.

● ALICE RASMUSSEN . . .

Ambition—Nurse.

Pet Saying—Oh brother!

Favorite Pastime—Going down town at noon hour.

Comment—Who's your heart-throb on the bike Alice. A sweet quiet girl who always has her homework done.

● MARJORIE JOYCE . . .

Ambition—To become Keith's ideal.

Pet Saying—How did I get this way?

Favorite Pastime—Strolling on Sunday afternoon.

Comment—A super girl who gets along with everybody. Has a smile and boy does it make a person drool. Clever in most things, 'specially with steel and number 60.

● FRANK NICHOLSON . . .

Ambition—To get a woman.

Pet Saying—Oh honey bunch of stinkweed.

Favorite Pastime—Necking with Shirley Woodward.

Comment—If Frank goes as far as his brother, he'll really go places, so kids be sure to read your newspapers in 1956—even if you're not trying to get through on current events.

● LYMAN ALEXANDER . . .

Ambition—Drink two bottles of Coke without getting dizzy.

Pet Saying—Hey Jean come here.

Favorite Pastime—Trying to get Jean.

Comment—The boy in grade ten that makes all the girls hearts take an extra leap. Has the most beautiful black hair, wow! He sure must keep Hazel or Doris busy.

● **JIMMY ROBINSON . . .**

Ambition—To control his heart when Audrey comes near.

Pet Saying—Wheat up a cent.

Favorite Pastime—Doing bookkeeping with Mary Teeters.

Comment—He's not big—but oh he's mighty. And does he ever show Gene Kruppa up on those drums. How about giffing to him some lessons huh? ? ?

● **LORNE McLEOD . . .**

Ambition—Seeking for the girl with the recipe for "Shoo-Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dwdy".

Pet Saying—Why? ? ?

Favorite Pastime—Chasing women.

Comment—The sharp character with the beautiful red hair. Is that the results of vinegar, Lorne? Sure knows how to tickle the reed on his clarinet. Has it bad for a certain dark haired lassie in B room—we don't blame you Lorne.

● **MYRTLE NICHOLSON . . .**

Ambition—To be a teacher.

Pet Saying—Gosh.

Favorite Pastime—Reading.

Comment—We know Myrtle will make a good teacher. She is good at thinking things out and 'specially in Geometry.

● **PHYLIS HUTCHINSON . . .**

Ambition—Primary Teacher.

Pet Saying—Good gravey!

Favorite Pastime—Bike riding.

Comment—A very quiet girl, but as you know still waters run deep. Thinks a lot of her Geometry text and is continually reading it—don't the stories get monotonous, Phylis?

● **LOIS DONELLY . . .**

Ambition—To get hooked.

Pet Saying—You don't say.

Favorite Pastime—Wolfing.

Comment—A dark haired beauty who makes the boys sit up and take notice. Does what she wants to and it sure isn't Social.

● **BETTY SCHUMACKER . . .**

Ambition—To go out with Tom Kennedy.

Pet Saying—Oh Tommie please don't.

Favorite Pastime—Two timing Tom.

Comment—A swell kid whom everybody likes. Got a lot of nice things to say about people—that kind come few and far between. An expert at the piano and loves her practicing, eh Betty?

● **AILEEN TORY . . .**

Ambition—To get a man.

Pet Saying—Hold tight corporal I'm coming in on the beam.

Favorite Pastime—Gossiping with friends.

Comment—A tall girl with a pleasing smile. Takes a great interest in the army, and gee, which one gave her the bracelet

● **PATSY WHITE . . .**

Ambition—To be able to express myself with _____?

Pet Saying—I love that man!

Favorite Pastime—Doing English I.

Comments—The friendly blue eyed lass who always enjoys her class periods with Glen.

● **SHIRLEY BELL . . .**

Ambition—To learn to wolf like Lois and Irene.

Pet Saying—That'll be the day.

Favorite Pastime—Playing hookey.

Comments—The glamour girl who appears to be quiet at school. Is it that we just don't know you, Shirley? ? ?

● **BERNARD POLLARD . . .**

Ambition—To get even with the teachers.

Pet Saying—Lend us a dime.

Favorite Pastime—Shoveling snow off strawberries.

Comments—"The little boy" from Grade Ten who always has his work done? ? We wonder where he spends his Friday afternoons.

● **IRENE POLLOCK . . .**

Ambition—Has no ambition.

Pet Saying—Hey screwball.

Favorite Pastime—Helping Lois wolf.

Comments—The only blonde hailing from "B" room. Competes with Shirley Woodward for the army. We wonder who has the most by now.

● **PHIL MAY . . .**

Ambition—To pass Geometry.

Pet Saying—It's a lie.

Favorite Pastime—Pool, poker, etc.

Comments—Mighty but not meek as one of our baseball enthusiasts and handles the cue almost as well as his ole man.

● **BILL SHEFFIELD . . .**

Ambition—To walk Bunny home every night.

Pet Saying—Gee Bun your cute!

Favorite Pastime—Playing hookey.

Comments—The kid we never see much of because he has a greater thirst for work than knowledge.

● **SHIRLEY WOODWARD . . .**

Ambition—Frank Nicholson.

Pet Saying—Well you drip, what are you waiting for?

Favorite Pastime—Army.

Comments—Likes variable sports, enjoys her classical music and also finds great interests in the army.

● **EDDIE RINGROSE . . .**

Ambition—To earn ten dollars to take Jean to dinner.

Pet Saying—Bottle of which?

Favorite Pastime—Hazel.

Comments—A cute kid liked by everyone. An up and coming fellow who hopes to make grade twelve by 1956.

● **GEORGINA MURRAY . . .**

Ambition—To be the wife of an undertaker.

Pet Saying—Hello, nutsy.

Favorite Pastime—Nothing excluded.

Comment—Peppy, dark haired lass who knows how to wear her wolf sweaters. She is one of the few who hasn't missed one of our school functions.

Typical Grade Ten Day

Georgena Murray and Jim Robinson

At nine o'clock when all is calm,
Miss Bloom gets up and reads the Psalm.
Next comes Social with Miss Bloom.
'Tis then we know we're at our doom.
Geometry with Lambert is very hard,
Yet we all know he is quite a card.
General Math with Kenneth Glen
Seems like the day would never end.
Next comes English page ninety-two,
Come, express yourself with guess who?
The Public school supplies us milk
To us it's as costly as any silk.
Then comes Lambert as proud as can be
He cracks his jokes with a big HEE, HEE.
When he starts to teach Biology I
We try to detect a grasshoppers thumb.
Then into "A" room for Physics we go,
And the time seems to go ever so slow.
Two periods of Physics is quite a bore,
But don't we wish we had some more? ? ?
Then we get off an hour for lunch,
We eat it down with a munch and a crunch.
We have to be back right smack on the dot,
And if we're not we're on the spot.
P.T. from Keinick we always regret,
Those push-ups and crawls we'll never forget.
Then back with a sigh and all out of breath
He nearly worked us all to death.
Then to the Separate school with a leap,
Over our Optionals then we weep.
Then back to the High School once again,
To hear the Society boast in fame.
During our spares we work and fret,
No fooling around not on a bet.
You have to be in a certain seat,
And if you're not there you've had it, Pete.
One more period then were free,
Every one leaves the school but me.
I sit and sigh and almost cry.
Weak in the knees and wish I could die.

A Glance Into The Future Of Some Of The Grade Ten's

Jo Murray and Jimmy Robinson

We see Bill Horn still waiting patiently to step into the office of the Wainwright Star.

Ten years from now we'll find Shirley Bell wearing horn-rimmed glasses and the stenographer's spread.

We see Lorne Basil McLeod a fresh member of the UEPGC—"Undertakers, Embalmers & Pallbearers Glee Club."

We hear that Lyman Edward Alexander is running for seat of President in the Farmers Union.

We'll still be seeing Philip Harry May down on his knees, picking gum off the bottom of the theatre seats.

We still find Edward Gordon Ringrose selling papers, trying to raise ten bucks to take Jean to dinner.

Ten years from now we see Irene Inez Dagmar Pollock sitting on her bosses knee taking dictation.

I can hear it now, Patsy White and Shirley Woodward screaming to the Government for furloughs for Mac.

After the Government finding Frank Nicholson (4f) they decided to send him back to school.

We hear Phylis Hutchison and Alice Rassmusen are starting the "Lonely-Hearts Club."

We'll soon be seeing John White as delivery boy at the big store at Greenshields and Gerald Ford a steady customer.

Soon we'll be seeing Lois Donnelly thirteen miles north of town chasing the pigs out of the garden.

GRADE NINE STUDENTS



TOP ROW—Rudolph Moller, Glenn Alexander, Mr. Keineck, Jim Hill, Pat Buckton.
2ND ROW—Albert Boyd, Freida Armstrong, Fred Reid, Dorothy Cameron,
 Margaret Steele, Eleanor Wear, Richard Aykroyd. *BOTTOM ROW*—Bunny Bond,
 Beatrice Boyd, Allan Tory, Claretta Wright, Margaret Eisel.

Grade Nine Biographies

● **DOROTHY CAMERON . . .**

Ambition—To grow up.
Pet Saying—Darn it.
Favorite Pastime—Sports.

● **ELEANOR WEAR . . .**

Ambition—Air stewardess.
Pet Saying—Woo and wah wah.
Favorite Pastime—Talking or eating.

● **JAMES HILL . . .**

Ambition—Doctor or dentist.
Favorite Pastime—Undecided.

● **CLARETTA WRIGHT . . .**

Ambition—To be a nurse and learn to do geometry.
Pet Saying—Oh yeah.
Favorite Pastime—Reading and sports.

● **RICHARD AYKROYD . . .**

Ambition—Engineer.
Pet Saying—None.
Favorite Pastime—Shooting.

● **GLENN ALEXANDER . . .**

Ambition—Undecided.
Pet Saying—You'd look funny picking up your teeth with two
busted arms.
Favorite Pastime—Sleeping.

● **RUDOLPH MOLLAR . . .**

Ambition—Farming.
Pet Saying—Woo what legs she's got.
Favorite Pastime—Out door sports.

● **BOB WILBRAHAM . . .**

Ambition—King of the Hobos.
Pet Saying—That's no guff.
Favorite Pastime—Playing pool.

● **MARGARET EISEL . . .**

Ambition—Lady detective.

Pet Saying—More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Favorite Pastime—Wolfing.

● **BEATRICE BOYD . . .**

Ambition—To get through school.

Pet Saying—Oh!

Favorite Pastime—Reading.

● **MARGARET STEELE . . .**

Ambition—Nursing.

Pet Saying—Oh! .

Favorite Pastime—Sports.

● **ALBERT BOYD . . .**

Ambition—Farming.

Pet Saying—None.

Favorite Pastime—Shooting.

● **PAT BUCKTON . . .**

Ambition—Undecided.

Pet Saying—Can I collect for the journal please

Favorite Pastime—Playing ball.

● **ALAN TORY . . .**

Ambition—Architect.

Pet Saying—Don't show your ignorance.

Favorite Pastime—Playing catch.

● **FREIDA ARMSTRONG . . .**

Ambition—Pass grade nine.

Pet Saying—Iggy.

Favorite Pastime—Learning to whistle and spraining my ankle.

● **BUNNY BOND . . .**

Ambition—Nothing particular.

Pet Saying—Hi Ya kid.

Favorite Pastime—Doing nothing.

● **FRED REID . . .**

Ambition—Saw bones.

Pet Saying—Stupid egg.

Favorite Pastime—Bike riding.

Cellar Rat's School Days

By Claretta Wright and Frieda Armstrong

At nine o'clock the buzzer rings,
An then it's time to work at things.
First mathematics is on our chart;
The teacher walks in—its time to start.
In strolls Bunny, ten minutes late,
It must have been last night she had that date.
Our own Eleanor who doesn't like math,
Goes up to the board and our teacher will laugh.
She hasn't done that fifth question again
My, oh my, that one gives her a pain!
Verbs and nouns, that's our English class.
If we learn our nouns, we'll be sure to pass;
But Albert, who thinks he won't succeed,
Needs a great deal of teaching—a great deal indeed.
In Social Studies we often have tests
And even at times Rudi makes the best.
We continue with Social for half an hour
Then our red-headed "Dot" asks how to spell "tower"
"Please, Dorothy", our teacher warns the last time,
Interruption in class is a serious crime.
Our five minute break is here at last,
But to the Grade Nine's not a minute had passed.
Directions show that Lit. comes next
With Alan arguing about the last text.
What is the reason Al's usually right?
It must be because he studies all night.
Since he doesn't go to bed early enough,
He isn't very big, but he's really quite tough.
Literatures over, now Physical Training—
The girls don't do very well but are surely gaining.
Frieda Armtsrong, often known as "Doc",
Speeds round the bases at an expert walk.
Pitcher "Rich" Aykroyd is happy-go-lucky,
But when at a Ball game the girls think he's ducky.
Then Jim Hill strides up to the pan,
And the look on his face makes him look like a man.
At one-thirty we tramp into Science
And Mr. Glen has a look of defiance
As he and Bob talk about the war,

While the rest of the class think it's just a bore.
It's really too funny we can't invent
"Yet there's hope for Marg. Eisel" we others lament
We wonder why Beatrice will never remark.
It's likely 'cause Fred beats her to it with his lumbering bark.
Now up to "B" room for singing and theory;
Glenn says, "These songs are simply dreary"
Now Pat's voice is heard all over the school,
And sometimes we think he is trying to fool;
But we know Pat, the dear little soul,
And we know that someday he'll reach his goal.
The next period is marked down as a spare.
Stub never gets her work done, but she doesn't care.
"It's Geometry Class," our teacher now says,
But Margaret Steele just sits still and plays,
'Cause in her work she really is tops—
Even in math. she never really flops.
And now as the end of the school day draws near,
Mr. Keinick is kind, but we sometimes fear
That the homework he gives us will last too long.
And the Grade Nine kids won't have time for ping-pong.
But who gets the credit if we all get through—
It's Mr. Keinick, our teacher, who taught us anew.
Our thanks to our teachers we sincerely extend
As a perfect school term draws near to an end.



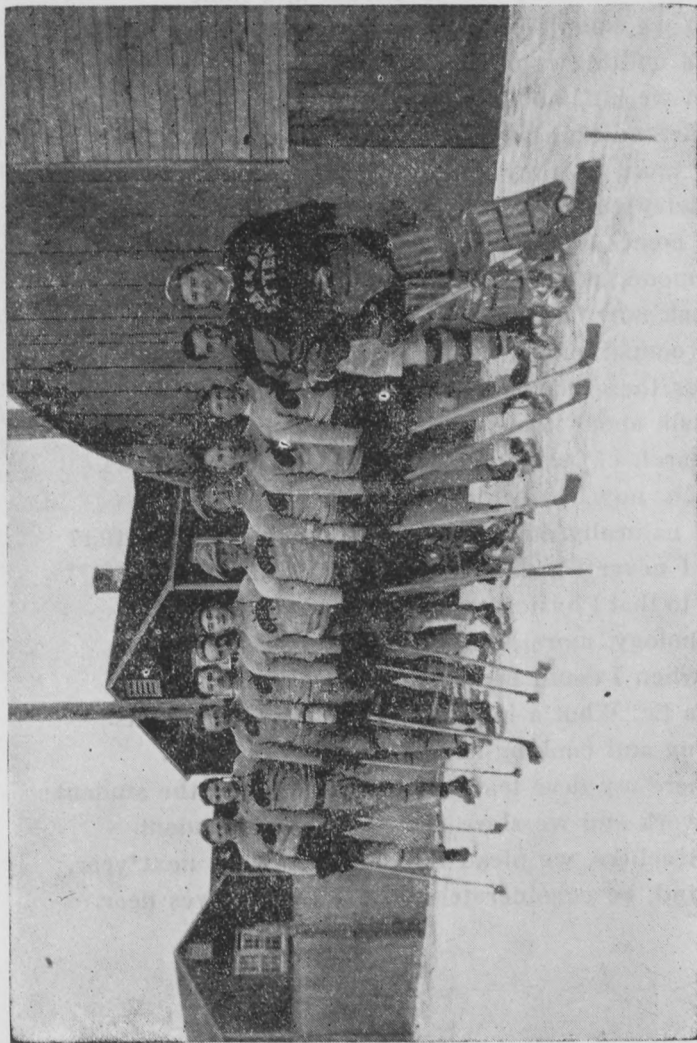
Homework

By Arlene Catton

The staff how they fret and froth and fume
When we complain of the cold in dear old "D" room.
That's nothing compared to the fuss that they make
When we huff about homework that keeps us awake.
Social Studies, essays, history and dates—
They taunt us, they haunt us, and fill us with hates.
Geometry questions, they buzz in my head;
Tory comes to the rescue before I'm quite dead.
The moon, and junk jewellery, what essay material—
I speak now of English, the subject ethereal.
"B" room, Biology, beetles and snakes
Oh for these poems I do love to make.
But talk about homework, Biology beats all.
In search of assignments we get down and crawl.
French, now really need we talk about that?
Am I naturally dumb or does it knock everyone flat?
Will I never finish this homework tonight?
Now to that Physics, my what a sad plight!
Psychology, more homework I don't really abhor.
But when I could be at tennis, gosh what a bore!
Home Ec. What a hope, there fly my four credits.
Sewing and cooking and cleaning—I dread it.
So there my dear teachers is the plight of the student:
We work and we slave because we are prudent.
Our teachers, we plead for less homework next year.
Be kind, be considerate and make yourselves dear.



OUR 1945-46 HOCKEY TEAM



Addie Coleman, Paul Dorinski, Bill Sheffield, Ed. Ringrose, Robert Stinert, Bob Wilbraham, Doug. Ringrose, John Kile, Phil. May, Charles Pollock, Dinny Gander-
ton, Harvey Gullekson.

W. H. S. Sports

By Eddie Ringrose

The Wainwright High School had a crack-up hockey team this year, which tested its skill against teams that it had small hopes of beating. Vermilion was defeated by the W.H.S. boys for the first time in history; and just to show them that it wasn't luck, we beat them four games to their none during the whole season. There were also a number of games played with the Edgerton and Irma High School teams. These were all cinches except one, in which the boys slackened up a bit and "let" Irma win. The Army seemed to be about the only team in the country that could defeat us, but our many games with them gave the boys a chance to play better hockey and to catch a few pointers from more experienced players.

The team, accompanied by about forty of the High School hockey fans made a trip over to Camrose in the back of Lou Tory's truck. That was one of our unlucky nights, but of course, the boys were rather stiff after the cramped-up condition of the four-hour trip.

The season's climax was when the team went over to Wetaskiwin to play a two-game total series. Arriving in time to rest up for the eight o'clock game, we were unlucky the first night, and lost 6-4, even though we did have most of the chances. After a good night's rest we played again Saturday night, and won 8-2, making us come out on top, 12-8, in total points. This game was the last of the hockey season, and it certainly was an ideal way to end it.

Now that all the snow and ice from winter have melted away the boys are well into the ball season. A baseball league has been drawn up among the various high schools in the division. So far, W.H.S. has maintained a record in not losing a game.

Society

Audrey Smith

The first social function of the school year was a Hallowe'en Party with Edgerton, Irma and Separate School High Schools as guests. The evening was spent dancing with many prizes given for the best performers in a variety of dances. A delicious buffet lunch was served and during lunch hour entertainment was provided by some of the talented pupils of W.H.S. This party was the audition of the "Students of Swing" the High School orchestra which has proved a big success.

The Christmas Party was held the Friday before the Christmas recess. The hall was decorated to harmonize with the Christmas Spirit. Oh! that mistletoe! !

It looked as if fate were with us when the sun shone warm and bright on Saturday, February 9, the day of the W.H.S. Follies. The races and a hockey game between Irma and Edgerton comprised the afternoon entertainment. In the evening the weather turned cold but enthusiasm still ran high. The climax of the Carnival was the crowning of Carnival Queen, Miss Beda Nordstrom, Board of Trade candidate. Her ladies-in-waiting were: Miss Shirley McKenzie, W.H.S. Candidate; and Miss Isabel MacKenzie, Separate School candidate. Mr. Lambert crowned the Queen. The throne was beautifully decorated by members of the school. A final hockey game in which W.H.S. was victorious was played against Edgerton, the winner of the afternoon game. All during the day hot-dogs and coffee were sold.

How those cold north winds do blow! Especially on the day we picked for our bonspiel—Saturday, January 17. The winner of the Grand Challenge was the rink skipped by Miss Telfer, and the winner of the Consolation was the rink skipped by Doug. Ringrose. The lunch committee served invigorating coffee, hot-dogs, and doughnuts to weary participants in the first W.H.S. bonspiel for a number of years.

On Friday, June 14, the first graduation banquet in the history of W.H.S. was held. Guests included: Mr. and Mrs. F. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Coutts, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, teachers of the Public School, and parents of the graduating class. After an enjoyable dinner served under the leadership of Mrs. Dundas, the following programme was carried out.

Toast to the King—Toastmaster Roy Hartling.

Toast to the School—James Aykroyd (member of the graduating class)

Responded to by Mr. G. H. Lambert—(Principal)

A few words from Mr. Hancock.

Toast to graduating class—Mr. Coutts.

Response—Lenore Wright (Class Valedictorian).

The main social event of the year took place on Friday evening, June 14th in the Separate School Auditorium. At 9:30 the Grand March opened the Seventh Annual "Prom". The hall was beautifully decorated with streamers of pastel shades. A dainty old-fashioned flower garden surrounded the hall ending in a corner where there was a wishing well. The couples, girls resplendent in their evening gowns, boys dressed in their best suits, entered the hall under an arch banked with flowers. From the stage decorated with spring blossoms, the music of the local orchestra floated through the hall. After a delicious lunch, served by the mothers of the pupils, Mr. Lambert cut the birthday cake. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.



Can You Imagine

1. The classes laughing at Mr. Lambert's jokes.
2. Lorne carrying his dog in his arms.
3. Wilbraham's car running very far.
4. Mr. Glen not using "EXPRESSING YOURSELF" in English I
5. James A. necking with Claretta Wright.
6. Keith Wakefield not having his Geometry done.
7. Phylis Hutchinson going to dances.
8. Jean not chasing Eddie Ringrose.
9. Betty Shumacher not being sarcastic.
10. Buddy White and Frank Nicholson out wolfing.
11. Valerie Sirois jitterbugging.
12. Charles Pollock passing English 3. (Must be the teachers).
13. Bill Horn doing his French homework.
14. Miss Bloom not bawling Lyman out in Social Studies.
15. Bill Veitch not turning around and talking to Shirley Bell.
16. Jo Murray and Lorne McLeod not sitting together in school
17. Elmer Tory with 30% in any of his subjects.

I Wonder Why

1. Georgena used to like the grade nine room so well.
2. Florence likes coming for Biology I. (Could it be Eddie?)
3. Gerald Ford likes Marjorie Joyce's desk so well.
4. Lenore Wright gave up hope with Doug. (could it be Fred.)
5. Buddy White doesn't go with girls. (one in Greensfields.)
6. Jocelyn Winter has such white teeth. (Could it be the Dental corps).
7. Bill sits so close to Miss Bloom's desk.
8. Mr. Lambert likes the home ec. biscuits. (That must be where he gets those jokes that bounce.)
9. Dinny, Fred and Bill took their cookie dusters off. (Oh well, culdn't see them any way.)
10. Lyman looked so down-hearted when Lionel came home.
11. Margret Eisel likes to sit near Pat Buckton's desk.
12. Patsy White and Shirley Woodward are as good wolves as L.Y.D. and I.P.

By Irene Pollock and Lois Donelly

A View Of The Old And The New

By Elmer Tory

Where Wainwright now stands, there was once a large lake. (A remnant still exists) On one side of the water lived Chief "Stuck-in-the-Muck" and his little son "Squirt-in-the-Dirt". They hunted buffalo with bows and arrows made from beaver bone and shoe laces. Every day at sunrise the chief sped across the prairie on his horse, "Share the Ride". Every night at sunset, he carried his steed back home on his shoulders. If hunting had been good he carried a buffalo too.

Across the lake lived "Mud-in-Your-Eye" and his beautiful daughter, Princess "Babe-with-Curves-makem-Wolf-Howl". This chief was the owner of a company which manufactured a combination pipe of peace and tomahawk, scientifically combined on the basis of years of careful experimenting in smoking and scalping. (No other tomahawk or pipe making company could make this claim.)

But let us look in on this locality 200 years later. How things have changed! The weather is fine because the scientists have been splitting atoms for heat. (If it gets too hot, they will put them back together again).

Robots are careening about the streets, shopping for their masters. Inside a large house, the family is eating a magnificent meal consisting of coffee capsules, potato pills, tomato tablets, and dessert drops. The little son and his visitor from Venus are arguing about which is the better planet. The father has a sad face because his "Earth to Mars" Taxi Company has not been doing much business lately because people prefer longer trips. Thus we leave the family hoping that they don't get indigestion from eating too much. How times have changed, imagine Chief "Stuck-in--the-Muck" getting his buffalo from tiny capsules or the man of the future scalping his enemy with a combination pipe of peace and tomahawk.

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The Year Book Staff.

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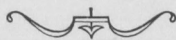
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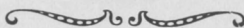


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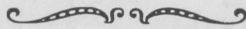
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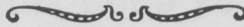
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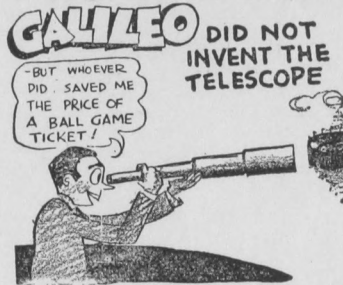
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